
Title: Loviatar's Descent into the Netherworld

Author:

When Our Lady of
Pain discovered her
sister had left the
Land of the Living and
taken refuge in the
World of the Dead, her
wrath and fury were
boundless. She
descended to the Land
of No Return, through
the caverns and lower
regions known only to
this spirits, until she
reached the city of
Erkalla itself, ruled
by Cyric, the King of
the Dead. And Loviatar
approached the gate of
the city, known as
Ganzir, and pounded
her Flail of Tears on
the door, demanding to
be let in, but her
command was
unanswered, and her
screams resounded
through the streets of
Erkalla:

"Gatekeeper, I am here
at Ganzir before the
Walls of Erkalla.
Open these gates for
me! I am Loviatar,
Maiden of Pain,
Mistress of Sorrow,
and I shall smash
down this door if you
do not open it! I shall
crack open the bolts
with my Flail of
Tears and sunder the
iron with my Scourge
of Despair. I shall
release all the dead
from city of Erkalla,
and they shall climb
up the stairs of the
earth. I shall raise up

the dead, and they
shall raise up the
dead, and they shall
eat the living: the dead
shall outnumber the
living!"

And the Gatekeeper
appeared, and he
opened the door, but he
would not let Our Lady
pass:

"Mighty Loviatar,
Maiden of Pain, you
cannot enter Erkalla
with your symbols of
Power. Leave them
with me, and then you
may visit the King."

Our Lady of Pain saw
the truth in his
words, and at the gate
of the city, she
stripped off her
talismans. She gave up
the Flail of Tears,
surrendered the
Scourge of Despair.
She unwrapped her
Robe of Severed
Hands, and coiled up
her Whip of Countless
Afflictions. She
unwrapped the spiked
wire from her hair
and plucked out the
needles from her
nails.

And at last Loviatar
was finished, and the
Gatekeeper escorted
her into Cyric's dismal
palace. And the King
of the Dead saw Our
Lady humbled, and in
his throne room of
glory, he heard her
complaint. Cyric made
his voice heard like a
gavel of thunder, and
he spoke loudly his
judgment, with the
following words:

"I am Cyric, , Lord of
Erkalla, and I welcome
you to my pale domain.
You have no power
here in my most
ancient city: over the

dead only I am King. I
have heard your
request and will honor
it. When you leave,
your sister shall
accompany you. But
each winter she will
come back and visit
me, and I shall return
her to your side in the
summer."

Our Lady of Pain
heard his
pronouncement, and
she left gladly with
her sister beside her.
Thus Loviatar
ascended from the
netherworld,
resuming her just
punishment of Man.